

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lemme Hear Somethin Else"

(feat. Pakman)

*[Chorus]*

Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)  
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)  
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)  
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)  
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)  
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)  
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)  
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)

*[Killer P]*

I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough  
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows  
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose  
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes

*[Pakman]*

Chhhh..  
Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me  
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm goblin emcees  
Chhhh..

*[Killer P]*

Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there  
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear  
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz  
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends  
He doin it big and got unlimited ends  
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens  
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game  
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames  
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines  
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes  
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick  
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick  
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head  
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said  
Stopped rhymin cuz he knew he shouldn't have said that verse  
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst  
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf  
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons

Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin  
Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings  
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings  
and his crime dealings  
He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings  
Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin  
was cool until Canibus puked it  
With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts  
Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?  
You don't have enough wisdom  
The man who gives quicksand resistance,  
sinks the quickest, it's simple physics  
I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks  
Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick  
Come here you stank bitch!  
Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars  
I'ma bust him in his big lips  
Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift  
Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch  
If you hate me, why would you recreate me  
With those that imitate me and emulate me?  
They talk about me so distastefully lately  
But that never break me, they underestimate me  
Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's  
I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me  
I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B  
No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's  
A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee  
SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of yourself  
I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else

*[Chorus]*